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THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1857.

Sketchings.

AMERICAN EXHIBITION OF BRITISH ART.

A VERY liberal display of the English school of Art of the present day is now before our public, in a way to be studied and enjoyed. The impressions derived of it through engravings and word-descriptions can be tested by the pictures themselves, so as to enable us to form our own estimation of its intrinsic merit, without being influenced by the verdict of its friends or depreciators. The most interesting feature of the exhibition will, to many, be the works of the Pre-Raphaelites. This reformatory sect in the school of English Art is well, if not fully represented, only needing a work by Millais to make its corps of pictorial exponents complete. Holman Hunt and Arthur Hughes are next to Millais, the foremost artists of the brotherhood, and we have some of their best productions. "The Light of the World," by Holman Hunt, is truly a wonderful picture; the larger picture, of which this is a duplicate, is esteemed the loftiest effort of Pre-Raphaelitism; this work, with "The Eve of St. Agnes," by the same artist, will provoke much comment. "The Home from Sea—The Mother's Grave," by Arthur Hughes, seems to be a painter's puzzle. Ruskin has said that the checkered sunlight is the finest thing of the kind he ever saw. For ourselves, we are quite indifferent to the technical problems involved in an analysis of its merits; the picture tells its story effectively; it is brilliant with light, and it is of most pathetic sentiment. As for "April Love," by the same artist, it is perfectly fascinating: this picture did not please us at first sight, but the more we looked upon it, the more we became absorbed in its simple embodiment of deep, pure, intense feeling. The "Ophelia," another and the last of this artist's pictures, is a powerful representation of a maniac, but not of *our* Ophelia. Ford Madox Brown's "King Lear," is one of those vigorous artistic creations that carries away all prejudice. Its superb drawing and powerful color, also the originality of its composition and treatment, cannot fail to excite the admiration of all who study it. The head of the old king is, to our mind, exceedingly impressive; the figure of Cordelia is less satisfactory, owing to a feeble expression of countenance, if not to an inadequate type of character. The subordinate characters are very fine, particularly the heads by the side of and behind Cordelia. Ford Madox Brown ranks high in England, although he is not well known popularly. He stood very conspicuous in the cartoon competition for the painting of the Houses of Parliament; his specimen of fresco painting there was pronounced by Haydon to be the only excellent one. He has studied chiefly in France, and is to be considered a kind of precursor of Pre-Raphaelitism, having exhibited works of that tendency before the school was organized. The pictures we have mentioned are all remarkable for artistic power, for conscientiousness, and for noble purpose; did they reveal an equally strong perception of the Beautiful, especially in form, the principles contended for by the Brotherhood would find more general indorsement. We must pass over the remaining examples of Pre-Raphaelitism (many of which are attended to in the article entitled "The Two Pre-Raphaelitisms," in the present number of The

CRAYON*), in order to give a glance at other pictures. We are much impressed with "The Reconciliation of the Montagues and Capulets," by Frederick Leighton. This painting exhibits at a glance the moral of the play of "Romeo and Juliet." We behold the result and the end of the feud between two families, the bond of peace being consecrated by a grasp of two old men's hands over the dead bodies of their children—Love in death teaching Love in life. The charm of this picture is not to be analyzed; it is Art which sweeps one away, overcoming every thought of criticism. Notwithstanding many defects, we should point to it as the best thought and feeling which Art gives us in the exhibition. This picture was in the French great exhibition of 1855, and is considered preferable to the artist's first picture, called "Cimabue Walking in Procession," which was bought by Queen Victoria. Next to this work, we have a high estimation of "The Parting of Lord and Lady William Russell," by Charles Lucy. This work obtained a prize at Westminster Hall among the pictures that were painted in competition for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament. Of the remaining large pictures, one by G. H. Thomas, called "Garibaldi at Rome," and J. O. Horsley's "Prince Henry assuming his Father's Crown," are worthy of notice on account of artistic excellence. D. MacIise is represented by a picture entitled "The Installation of Captain Rock," which is a large painting, and one of remarkable character, in a popular sense. It is one of the artist's earlier works. W. L. Windus, who is a new man among the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and whom we have passed over, has a fine cabinet picture, illustrating an incident in Scott's tale of "The Surgeon's Daughter." For dramatic power of expression, good drawing, and fine feeling for color, he seems to us to be worthy of the foremost rank among any artists.

Of landscape Art in oil there are many fine specimens. We have greatly enjoyed two little pictures by William Davis, a Liverpool artist, called "Evening" and "An Old Hedge." They are unpretending transcripts of Nature, evincing true feeling and adequate power. There is a picture called "A Day-Dream," by F. W. Hulme, that breathes a charming sentiment of light, and the freshness of Nature.

The water-color department, however, seems to embody the most numerous examples of landscape Art. Of these we would especially mention the pictures by Thomas Sutcliffe: "A Flood from the Pickering Moors, Yorkshire," "The Banks of Wharfe,—Bolton Abbey," and "The Stone-Mason's Cottage." This artist is a new man among the Pre-Raphaelites, and one of great promise. With all their prescribed study of detail he mingles with it fine taste. John Ruskin, who, we believe, has never exhibited in England, has contributed to this exhibition, the picture numbered 155—"Study of a Block of Gneiss, Switzerland." This sketch is masterly, and is said to be one of the completest studies he has ever made. Mrs. Bodichon, an amateur, is represented by several drawings of great power that will repay study; among these "Willow-herb and Corn" and a "Thunder-Storm." A "Forest Scene," by William Bennett, and "Crossing the Brook," by J. D. Harding; "View of Funchal," by Mrs. Murray (President of the Society of Female Artists), and "The Reeks, Killarney," by Miss Fanny Steers, are admirable. The last mentioned lady is one of the

* The series of papers under the heading of "The Two Pre-Raphaelitisms," that have appeared in THE CRAYON during the past year, are written by a warm friend of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; and they will prove of great assistance to visitors to this exhibition. Most of the Pre-Raphaelite pictures in this exhibition are mentioned in these papers, and they are admirably described.

very best of the water-color landscapists. "The Reeks" is a gem, and must not be overlooked. She always paints small and finished pictures; her sunsets are said to be particularly beautiful. Thackeray bought one of her pictures last year. We have no doubt but that many who have read so much about the great Turner will be disappointed when they come to see what stands for his genius in the present exhibition. Turner is represented by five works. No. 163, "A Swiss Valley," is the latest, and the one that contains most completely those qualities about which Ruskin has written so much. One quality certainly the drawing possesses, *mystery*. To our perception, it is like a blotch of color which an artist sometimes makes to obtain the effect of color before commencing a picture; in it Turner's mind seems to us to have ended where youthful minds begin. We turn from this with great delight to the exquisite and quiet beauty of "Hastings—from the Sea." In this drawing we recognize the "great Art," which lies in delicacy; and so in "The Aysgarth Force," wherein the principle of mystery is, it seems to us, sufficiently apparent to be studied as an important element of Art, without being locked up in the inextricable confusion of the "Swiss Valley." Of the figure-pieces in water-color "The Marriage in Cairo," by Henry Warren, is the most pretentious. With some general characteristics of truth, the picture shows evidently that the artist has never been to that dirty, noisy, picturesque, fascinating city. We much prefer No. 181, "The Pedlar," by the same hand. Wehnert's "Ragged School" is an interesting work. W. Hunt's "Old Man" is superb. There are a number of remarkably fine fruit and flower pieces. Miss Mutrie exhibits one of flowers (in oil) that is rarely surpassed. George Lance is, perhaps, the great master in this line. We have left unmentioned numbers of works that are equally deserving of study; but the late date at which the exhibition opens leaves us no time to do so before going to press.

We conclude by stating that, the exhibition is pronounced, universally, to be exceedingly interesting and instructive. It combines far more excellence than is ever visible in any one exhibition of the Royal Academy, or than could be seen in any one collection of modern Art in England.

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

THIS exhibition is also opened. The chief attractions are, a very fine work by Ary Scheffer; a number of Rosa Bonheur's pictures, together with her portrait by Dubufe; the "Chess Players," by Meissonnier; several pictures by Edward Frère, Couture, Troyon, etc. Should the exhibition continue open until after the publication of our next number, we shall allude to it more particularly. The exhibition presents French Art in a far more complete aspect than has hitherto been offered to our public.

Whatever may be the peculiar excellences of the English and French exhibitions, we do not perceive that our own school (in the kindred branches of Art that are developed to the same extent), suffers in the least by comparison.

OUR COMMERCIAL EXPLOSION.

THE superficial may think that an Art Journal has nothing to do with the industrial and commercial affairs of the nation—that its opinions on these matters must be crude and badly digested—and that it goes beyond its legitimate sphere in undertaking to discuss them. To this narrow view of the matter, however, we cannot subscribe. Judgments are to be taken for what they are worth in themselves, without reference to the

calling or position of those who give them. Men officially distinguished are proverbially given to blunder, like other people, and their blunders are often seriously injurious, from the unhappy currency which this official distinction gives them. Artists are too deeply affected by every unfortunate perturbation in our social arrangements proceeding from commercial or other causes, to be indifferent to them. No amount of devotion to their own profession can entirely divorce their minds from serious consideration of other matters, not only affecting their profession but the prosperity of the whole country. The artist, like the merchant, the banker and the artisan, is a part of our great social edifice, is equally interested in its growth, and can in no way be detached from whatever pertains to its weal or woe. His very seclusion from the great bustle of the world's activities, often renders him painfully sensitive to commercial and industrial misfortunes, and forces him to bestow a large amount of thought upon them. Art, literature, religion, commerce and industry are vital parts of one living whole, are dependent on each other, and can never be separated the one from the other without irreparable injury to the whole country. It is a beautiful fraternal organization of things that each should be dependent on all, and all upon each. Individual pride and egotism are, however, the great solvents of the harmonies and mutualities of life, they break its threads of unity and poison it at its sources.

Commerce is an idol with modern communities. Its success is attended with rejoicings, its apparent downfall with childish wailings. It is so much a thing of idolatry, that no man thinks of analyzing it, of pointing out its true from its false mission. Yet, it is well known to be a huge complex machinery, greased by deception and propped up by chicanery; a thing without a soul, under whose crushing footsteps lie buried the ruins of many brave men, whose pure natures would not yield to its degradation. It is a legalized mode of giving scope to the hard, selfish propensities of our nature, of shutting up the humane issues of our souls, and making general interests subservient to individual interests. Success in attaining riches through dishonesty, is much more prized than honest poverty and humility. The money-changer's palace is more appreciated than the crown of thorns worn by the man of many sorrows and acquainted with grief. The true object of commerce—that of being a convenient passage-way between the laboring producer and industrious consumer—is disregarded, not thought of. Unless it is made a stepping-stone to individual avarice and selfishness, it has no place in our affections. Under its broad cloak our piratical tendencies have a Phœnician mercantile ferociousness, a perverse sway, and, though tolerated by public opinion, are attended with as fatal consequences as a malignant epidemic.

Need we be surprised, then, if the commercial machinery should occasionally explode and go to pieces, from the innate putrefaction of its own sins, from the mephitic atmosphere in which it is kept operating. Is there any body in nature that does not decompose when its parts become morbid and diseased? Is not the commercial body deeply diseased, gangrened, when each individual member of it sacrifices every moral and general interest to his own private interest, when his own pocket becomes the pivot upon which the world revolves, when he is willing to adulterate articles of human consumption, lie and cheat, in order to absorb into his own treasury every circulating dollar in the whole community. Is not this mercantile attempt to build individual interests upon the ruins of general interests, to cut up the whole harmonious wealth of the community into dis-

cordant parts, calculated to engender periodical explosions and disasters? Look at the banking department of our commercial world during the present crisis. Here is a body, destitute of unity of action or purpose, fighting amongst themselves, and each one looking upon his own interest as detached from the others, and only secure when out of harmony with the well-being of every other member of the body. What is this but the suicide of ignorance, the destruction to which blind selfishness leads? Vanity, self-conceit, arrogance and cupidinous individualism, drag them into an unholy and hostile relationship to the mercantile classes. And what is the consequence? Their own sudden and inglorious overthrow, after an amount of self-boasted strength and daring more peculiar to foolish than wise bodies of men. Now that the time is gone for one class to chuckle over the misfortunes of another, and all is, in a measure, calmed down into the wisdom of humility, would it not be well to profit by the past, in regarding general interests and individual interests as being always, and in all cases, irreversibly connected, and, that to injure, impair or disturb the one, is to injure, impair and disturb the other. There is no such thing as separating Northern well-being from Southern well-being—Philadelphia and Baltimore bankruptcies from New York bankruptcies. Neither is there any possibility of having solvent banks with insolvent merchants, nor can the interests or honor of the country be protected by the one, apart from the other, notwithstanding the dicta of gasconading bank officers. As the death of successive generations of men are necessary for the progressive elevation of humanity, so are successive commercial calamities necessary for the foundation and propagation of moral laws in the great industrial and commercial enterprises of mankind. The moral issue of all revulsions in trade is the establishment of a more just relationship between personal possessions and general well-being, between individual accumulations and social distributions.

The laws of society are self-vindicating, and are constantly engaged in effecting an equitable bond between the industry of the individual and the wants of the body to which he belongs. When the industry of the individual degenerates into avarice, when his possessions are the result of dishonest means, then perturbations are introduced into the social system, revulsions ensue, because the component parts of the social machinery violate their great moral destinations. No one pretends that the banks of our city have been true to their calling—they, like individuals, have sought to effect large dividends through illegitimate means; hence their immoral effect upon the community, and their final submersion. The loss of morals, on the part of bank officials and merchants, can never be atoned for by any amount of intellectual sharpness or machiavellian astuteness.

THE HORSE FAIR.

THE "Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur, is an example of Art which may be brought forward to illustrate a very important point in Art-criticism. Critics too often hold the artist responsible for what he never aimed at; they too frequently disparage an artist's work, because they are unable to form an adequate idea of it within the confines of its own nature. All ideas obtainable through Art are suggested by forms, and no metaphysical subtlety can separate them. We will not deny that the significance of form is relative as well as the laws of its expression, but we contend that the artist is not responsible for its degrees of limitation. The critic accordingly may or

may not have sympathy for the subject upon which the artist has labored, but he has no right to depreciate the skill with which the work is executed because the subject may not be to his liking. What is Art? Art is one of the forms of human expression. In itself it only translates the thought of one mind to another; it is intended only to convey by external forms, ideas that do not so fully and so aptly come within the representative compass of language. Art may be defined broadly as painted or sculptured hieroglyphics, the characteristics of which are more or less perfect according to the progressive stages of humanity. The very origin of written language shows the nature of Art. The first signs which rude people employed as a circulating medium of ideas were symbols of objects and events; a growing perception of the delicate subtleties of Nature subsequently demanded more powerful interpretation than signs resolved into words could impart, and this necessity produced the symbolical branch of language which is called Art. Painting and sculpture first came into play to represent the phenomena of existence, and as humanity progressed in refinement they have served to embody all the emotions and impressions which could find types in the forms of human and external nature; Art, consequently, is simply a means employed to represent special aspects of truth without regard to the nature or quality of the truths told.

Now, in the "Horse Fair" we have a picture inimitable for its Art—for the fullness of its expression of the ideas which the subject suggests. The artist has so imbued the canvas with animal vitality as to make us recognize all the traits which characterize horses in general, and especially as subject to the conditions in which she has portrayed them, such as their muscular vigor, their consistency of action, their truth of form, color, and texture, and that fiery spirit which indicates the natural condition of this noble animal. Added to these excellences the picture has its imaginative and poetic qualities; we find ideal significance in the splendid manner in which the artist shows the power of man over the brute creation. Look at the flashing eyes and rearing forms of the horses who rebel against the current of bodies that crowd them onward; observe their brawny riders and attendants, how the apparent vigor of their blows, and the muscular action of the arms indicate superior force and conscious power. Who can contemplate this glowing, rushing tide of life, men and animals mingled together, without being absorbed into its all-pervading activity, without being kindled into sympathetic sensation with its animating aspects? We consider this picture to be a work of great Art, and deserving of unqualified admiration. It is to be esteemed because every Art-reproduction of Life, in any shape, whenever it can find sympathetic recognition in a pure mind, is a noble accomplishment; it is Art, and the artist is entitled to an appreciation in harmony with the feeling that inspired the creation.

To criticise depreciatingly a picture like Rosa Bonheur's on the ground of its not being high Art, would be equal to condemning Washington Irving's description of a barn-yard on a rainy day, because his language does not embody the wisdom of Socrates. Why not condemn Shakespeare's genius for having stooped to create a Toby Belch? Why honor Milton because he has given us a better idea of Satan than of God? Why admit the excellence of Dickens or Walter Scott when their works do not breathe the spirit of Pascal? Why should not all objects and sentiments that belong to the simple aspects of human and external nature be ignored in Art, because their

representation does not reveal a certain standard of ideal aspiration!

We consider that the "Horse Fair" shows the nature and application of Art far more powerfully than the profoundest theory, or the most spiritual ideal contemplation of Nature that ever brain described in words. Such pictures are pioneer guides to those who seek to enjoy the best thoughts in Art. Those who love Life in horses do not need metaphysical translations of their emotions; they will greatly admire the picture as it is; and if they are capable of appreciating abstractly the glory and superiority of humanity, and equally able with critics to choose their own stepping-stones, as they journey onward to the Infinite, they will, through a study of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," be the better able to recognize in Art the noblest aspirations of man's spirit—whenever and wherever kindred genius shall be inspired to paint them.

SOUTHERN COAST SCENERY.

[WHETHER our readers be familiar or not with the characteristics of Southern landscape, all who love Nature will find entertainment in the following graphic description of Atlantic coast scenery, from the spirited and appreciative pen of W. Gilmore Simms. This description, kindly placed at our disposal by the author, forms part of a chapter in a forthcoming novel, called "The Cassique of Kiawah."]

Suppose the day to be a fine one—calm, placid, and without a cloud—even such a day as frequently comes to cheer us in the benign and bud-compelling month of April;—suppose the sea to be smooth; at rest, and slumbering without emotion; with a fair bosom gently heaving, and sending up only happy murmurs, like an infant's after a late passion of tears; suppose the hour to be a little after the turn of noon, when, in April, the sun, only gently soliciting, forbears all ardency; sweetly smiles and softly embraces; and, though loving enough for comfort, is not so oppressive in his attachments as to prompt the prayer for an iceberg upon which to couch ourselves for his future communion; supposing all these supposes, dear reader, then the voyager, running close in for the land—whose fortune it is to traverse that portion of the Atlantic which breaks along the shores of Georgia and the Carolinas—beholds a scene of beauty in repose, such as will be very apt to make him forgetful of all the dangers he has passed!

We shall say nothing of the same region, defaced by stripes of storm and billow, and blackened by the deluging vans of the equinox.

"Wherefore tax the past,
For memories of sorrow! wherefore ask,
Of the dark Future, what she grimly keeps
Of terrors in reserve?"

Enough for us that the Present holds for us delicious compensation; that the moment is our own, exclusively for beauty;—that the charm of the prospect before us is beyond question; at once prompting the desire to describe, yet baffling all powers of description.

Yet why describe?—since, as Byron deploras—

"Every fool describes in these bright days."

And yet, the scene is so peculiar, so individual, so utterly unlike that kind of scenery from which the traveller usually extorts his inspiration, that something need be said to make us understand the sources of beauty in a region which so completely lacks in saliency, in elevated outlines, in grand mountainous masses, rugged defiles, and headlong cataracts. Here are none of these. All that you behold—sea, and forest-waste, and shore—all lies level before you. As you see, the very waters

do not heave themselves into giant forms, wear no angry crests, leap up with no threatening voices, howl forth nothing of their secret rages. We reject, at this moment, all the usual adjuncts which make ocean awful and sublime; those only excepted which harbor in its magnitude, its solemn sterility of waste, its deep mysterious murmurs, that speak to us ever of eternity, even when they speak in the lowest and most musical of their tones.

In what, then, consists the beauty of the scene? Let us explain, and catalogue, at least, where we may not be able to describe. You are aware, dear readers, that you may set forth, on a *periagua*, or, if you like it better, a sloop, a schooner, or a trim little steamer; and, leaving the shores of Virginia, make your way along those of the Carolinas and Georgia, to Florida, almost entirely landlocked the whole voyage; all along these shores, the billows of the sea, meeting with the descending rivers, have thrown up barrier islands and islets, that fence in the main from its own invasions. Here are guardian terraces of green, covered with dense forests, that rise like marshalled legions along the very margins of the deep. Here are naked sand-dunes, closing avenues between, upon which you may easily fancy that the fairies gambol in the moonlight. Some are sprinkled with our southern palm tree, the palmetto; others completely covered with this modest growth; others again with oak and pine, and cypress; and there are still others, whose deep, dense, capacious forests harbor the red deer in abundance; and, skirting many of these islets, are others in process of formation; long stripes of marsh, whose perpetual green, contrasting, yet assimilating beautifully with the glare of sunlight on the sea, so relieves the eye with a sense of sweetness, beauty, freshness, and repose, that you never ask yourself the idle question, of what profit this marsh—its green that bears neither fruits nor flowers—its plumage that brings no grateful odor—its growth without market value? Enough, you say or feel, that, in the regions where you find it, it is a beauty and delight.

And so, you navigate your bark through avenues of sea between these islets and the main; through winding channels where the seas lie subdued, their crests under curb, and resting in beds of green and solitude, only tenanted by simple herds of deer, or by wandering pilgrims of the crane, the curlew, the pelican, and duck.

Beyond, the great ocean plain stretches wide and far; and even when it rolls in storm, and its billows break in fury along the islet shores, not half a mile away—all here is safe! On either hand, the sheltering nook invites your prow; quiet harbors open for your reception, and offer security. Here, the creek that creeps like a shining serpent through banks of green; here, the bay that has been scooped out in a half circle, as if purposely to persuade you to harborage—are both present, affording refuge; the great oaks grow close down by the ocean's side, and hang over with such massive shadows, that you see the bath and the boudoir together. You have but to plunge in, and no Naiad takes offence; and, lifting yourself to the shores by the help of that great branch that stretches above the water, there you may resume your fig-leaves with impunity, assured that no prudish eyes have been shocked by your eccentric exhibitions of a nude Apollo!

There is a wondrous charm in this exquisite blending of land and water scape. It appeals very sweetly to the sympathies, and does not the less excite the imagination because lacking in irregular forms and stupendous elevations. Nay, we are

inclined to think that it touches more sweetly the simply human sensibilities. It does not overawe. It solicits, it soothes, beguiles; wins upon us the more we see; fascinates the more we entertain; and more fully compensates than the study of the bald, the wild, the abrupt, and stern, which constitute so largely the elements in that scenery upon which we expend most of our superlatives. Glide through these mysterious avenues of islet, and marsh, and ocean, at early morning, or at evening, when the summer sun is about to subdue himself in the western waters; or at midnight, when the moon wins her slow way, with wan, sweet smile, hallowing the hour; and the charm is complete. It is then that the elements all seem to harmonize for beauty. The plain of ocean is spread out, far as the eye can range, circumscribed only by the blue walls of Heaven, and watched by starry eyes, its little billows breaking with loving murmur upon the islet shores—these, silvery light, as swept for fairy footsteps, or, glowing in green, as if roofed for loving hearts; trees, flowers, fragrance, smiling waters, and delicious breezes, that have hurried from the rugged shores of the Onban, or the gradual slopes of Texas; or farther yet, from still more beautiful gardens of the South, where Death himself never comes but wrapped in fragrance and loveliness:—look where you will, or as you will, and they unite for your conquest; and you grow meek, yet hopeful; excited, yet satisfied; forgetful of common cares; lifted above ordinary emotions; and,—if your heart be still a young one, easily persuaded to believe that the world is as full of bliss as of beauty, and that Love may readily find a covert in thousands of sweet places of refuge, which God's blessing shall convert into happiest homes,—go through these sweet, silent, mysterious avenues of sea and islet, green plain, and sheltering thicket, under the prescribed conditions, at early morning or toward the sunset, or the midnight hour, and the holy sweetness of the scene will sink into your very soul, and soften it to love and blessing, even as the dews of heaven steal, in the night-time, to the bosom of the thirsting plant, and animate it to new developments of fruitfulness and beauty.

And the scenery of the main partakes of the same character, with but the difference of foliage. It spreads upward into the interior, for near a hundred miles, a vast plain, with few inequalities of surface, but wondrously wooded. If, on the one hand, the islets, marshes, and savannahs, make an empire of sweetness and beauty; not less winning are the evergreen varieties that checker the face of the country on the other. Here are tracks of the noble live oak, of the gigantic pine, of the ghostly cypress; groves of each that occupy their several provinces, indicating as many varieties of soil. Amid these are the crowned laurel, stately as a forest monarch, the bay, the beech, the poplar, and the mulberry, not to speak of thousands besides, distinguished either from their use or beauty; and in the shade of these the dogwood flaunts in virgin white; and the lascivious jessamine wantons over their tops in sensuous twines, filling the air with fragrance; and the grape hangs aloft her purple clusters, which she trains over branches not her own, making the oak and the hickory sustain those fruits which they never bear!

And so, in brief transition, you pass from mighty colonnades of open woods to dense thickets which the black bear may scarcely penetrate. At the time of which we propose to write, he is one of the denizens of these regions; here, too, the panther still lurks, watching the sheepfold or the deer! Here the beaver builds his formidable dams in the solitude of the swamp, and the wolf and

the fox find their habitations safe. The streams are full of fish, the forests of prey, the whole region a wild empire, in which the red-man still winds his way, hardly conscious of his white superior, though he already begins to feel the cruel moral presence in the instinctive apprehensions of his progress. And birds, in vast varieties, and reptiles of the ground, "startlingly beautiful," are tenants still of these virgin solitudes. The great sea-eagle, the falcon, the vulture; these brood in the mighty tree tops, and soar as masters of the air; the wild goose and duck lead their young along the sedgy basins; the cormorant and the gull scream across the waters from the marshy islets; and are answered, with cooing murmurs, from myriads of doves that brood at noon in the deep covert of bristly pines. The mock-bird, with his various melodies, a feathered satirist, who can, however, forget his sarcasm in his passion; the red-bird and the nonpareil, with softer and simpler notes, which may be merry as well as tender, but are never scornful; the humming-bird, that rare sucker of sweets—himself a flower of the air—pioneer of the fairies—that finds out the best flowers ere they come, and rifles them in advance; and—but enough. Very beautiful, dear friends, to the eye that can see, the susceptible heart, and the thoughtful, meditative mind, is the beautiful but peculiar province to which we now invite your footsteps.

But, as we cannot behold all this various world at once, let us persuade you to one fair locality, which you will find to contain, in little, all that we have shown you in sweeping generalities.

You will suppose yourselves upon a well-wooded headland, crowned with live oaks, which looks out upon a quiet bay, at nearly equal distances between the waters of the Edisto and the Ashley, in the province of South Carolina. The islets spread between you and the sea, even as we have described them. There are winding ways through which you may stretch your sail, without impediment, into the great Atlantic. There are lovely isles upon which you may pitch your tents, and take your prey, while the great billows roll in at your very feet, and the great green tree shelters you, all the while, from the sharp arrows of the sun. You look directly down upon what, at the first glance, would seem a lake: the lands appear to inclose it on every hand; but there is a difference, you see, in the shade of yonder trees, from those on the islet just before us, which is due to the fact that an arm of the sea is thrust between; and here, on the other hand, there are similar differences which denote a similar cause. But our lake, or bay, is none the less sheltered or secure, because it maintains such close connection with the mighty deeps. Faintly afar, you may note, on the south and west, that there are still other islets, keeping up a link line with that which spreads in front, and helping to form that unbroken chain, which, as I have told you, spreads along the coast from the capes of Virginia to those of the Floridian. The territory of the Floridian is under its old Spanish master still; an ugly neighbor of our amiable English, who tenant, in feeble colonies, these sylvan realms upon the verge of which we stand. The period, I may mention here, is the year of Grace (Grace be with us!) one thousand, six hundred and eighty-four. Our English colonies of Carolina are less than thirty years old, and their growth has been a slow one. The country is still, in great degree, a solitude!

The day—an April day—is one of those which good old Herbert so happily describes, by its moral aspect, as

"A bridal of the earth and sky."

In truth, it is very sweet and beautiful, repose its prevailing

feature—repose upon land and sea; a smiling Peace, sitting in sunshine in the heavens; a healthy, life-giving breeze gushing up from the ocean, in the southwest, and making all the trees along the shore nod welcome and satisfaction to the river; and new blossoms everywhere upon the land; all significant of that virgin birth which the maternal summer is about to receive from a prolific spring, which God has hallowed for the uses of Humanity.

We muse as we look, and say, with the poet—

"Here all but the spirit of man is divine."

And, as yet, we may venture to say that the spirit of man is hardly so corrupt here—hardly so incongenial with earth's vegetable offspring—as greatly to shock by the contrast. Man—the white man at all events—is hardly here in sufficient numbers, massed and in perpetual conflict, to be wholly insensible to the modest moral which is taught by nature. No doubt we shall have enough of him in time. No doubt we shall be forced to behold him in all his most dark and damning colors, such as shadow the fairest aspects of his superior civilization. But he is not yet there in sufficient force or security to become insolent in his vice or passion.

"But the red-man," say you. "He is here." Ay, there are his scattered tribes—they are everywhere; but feeble in their numbers. He is a savage, true; but savage, let me tell you—and the distinction is an important one, arguing ignorance, not will—savage rather in his simplicity than in his corruptions. His brutality is rather that of barbarism than vice. He wanders through these woods at seasons; here fishing to-day—to-morrow, gone, leaving no trace; gone in pursuit of herds which he has probably routed from old pasturages along these very waters. For a hundred miles above, there rove the tribes of the Stono and the Isundiga, the Edisto and the Seewee, the Kiawah and the Ashepoo, all tributaries of the great nation of the Yemassee. You will wander for weeks, yet meet not a man of them; yet, in the twinkling of an eye, when you least fancy them, when you dream yourself in possession of an unbroken solitude, they will spring up beside the path, and challenge your attention by a guttural, which may seem to you a welcome; or by a *cri de guerre*, which shall certainly appear to you the whoop of death!

But, at this moment, the solitude seems intact. There are no red-men here. The very silence—so deep is the solitude—seems to have a sound; and, brooding long on these headlands without a companion, you will surely hear some voice speaking to all your senses—perhaps many voices; especially if you do not use your own. Your ears that hunger naturally for human sounds, will finally make them for themselves. Nay, you will shout aloud, in your desperation, if only in search of echoes.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

"Boston, October 16th, 1857.

"Dear Crayon:

"A FEW days since I called at the studio of Mr. Ball, on Summer street, and saw there for the first time his admirable statue of the 'Ship-wrecked Boy.' The lad, a mere child, is seated on a fragment of the wreck, around which he clasps his right arm, while the left hand holds aloft a piece of clothing which he hopes will arrest the attention of a passing ship. The slight and almost nude figure, the attenuated features, and hollow, anguished eyes, are sadly true to Nature. It is in plaster, but it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when we shall see it in marble. When will rich and travelled Americans begin to realize the excellence of the works of Art

which are done in their midst, and cease to bring home cargoes of spurious 'old masters,' and modern 'antiques,' and purchase at one half their expense better works from our own artists. Mr. Rowse, whose room is opposite that of Mr. Ball, has just finished a beautiful crayon head of James Russell Lowell. If Ticknor & Fields do not engrave a photograph of Lowell which they now have, for the forthcoming edition of his works, Mr. Rowse's picture will be used for that purpose. Mr. Gay, who has a studio in the same building, was out sketching with Mr. Rotch. Mr. Williams has returned from the sea shore with a portfolio well filled with the fruits of his summer's labors. Mr. Ordway did intend to spend the winter in New York, but is, I believe, finding sufficient encouragement to induce him to remain here. Walter Brackett has a portrait of Rev. John Pierpont on exhibition at Cotton's. Miss Hosmer's statue of 'Beatrice di Cenci asleep in Prison' has arrived in safety, and is to be seen in the same place. Those who have seen it speak of it in the highest terms of praise. Miss Hosmer intends to leave for Italy some time next week; she has received several very good commissions, and takes back with her the kind wishes of many friends whom she has acquired during this visit. Miss Clarke returns from her western tour the last of this week. I made a mistake in my last, in assigning the statue of Nydia to Randolph Rogers: it is the work of Richard Greenough. I made the statement upon what I thought to be the best authority.

"The Athenæum and Art Club are about adding to their present attractions a collection of sketches made by the Boston artists during their summer vacation. The Lowell Art exhibition was very successful; several paintings were sold, and commissions were given for several others. The result will probably be the establishment of a permanent picture gallery in Lowell. We quite envy New York the possession of Mlle. Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Market'; is there any possibility of its ever coming to Boston?

"The feeling in regard to the exhibition of paintings said to be by Vernet and other distinguished French artists, seems to be that of disappointment.

"I recently called at the School of Design for the purpose of introducing a new pupil, and found that the classes, which are limited to thirty-five scholars, were full. Mr. Tuckerman informed me that the price of tuition had been raised from five to ten dollars per quarter, and that designing for manufactures was no longer taught in school. There is no lack either of pupils or of talent, but American manufacturers find it much cheaper to appropriate French and English designs to their own uses than to pay our artists for doing them. A former graduate of the institution, Miss Mary Plinney, who has for some years been employed at the Manchester Print Works as a designer, is about leaving for Paris, where she will pursue her profession under favorable auspices. Miss Ellen Robbins, who took two prizes at Mr. Tuckerman's school, and whose exquisite print patterns met the unqualified approval of the manufacturers, finds so little encouragement for things of that kind, that she has recently turned her attention to lithography.

"A gentleman, who has just returned from Europe, informs me that he called upon Mr. Crawford when in London, and found him alive, but suffering intensely, with no hope of relief.

"Mr. Ames, who is making a flying visit to the city, tells me that he is doing some portraits for public institutions. He returns to Newport to-night.

"J."

A correspondent writes from Philadelphia:

"I have nothing new to communicate in connection with Art, except the re-opening of the schools at the Pennsylvania Academy, on the first of this month. Nearly eighty students have been entered for the Antique school, and a large number for the Life classes. A second full course of lectures on Picturesque Anatomy will be delivered by Professor Thomas, and there is promise of other practical lecturers on Art subjects. Few cities, either in Europe or America, possess greater facilities for the study of Art than can be enjoyed by the student in the Academy of Fine Arts of Philadelphia. The Academy has purchased the beautiful bust of "Spring," by Palmer, of Albany. Mr. Bartholomew has been with us during the last few weeks, and has modelled busts of Messrs. James L. Claghorn and George H. Stuart."

The Washington Art Association propose to open their second annual exhibition on the 13th December next. The exhibition of last season was quite successful, notwithstanding the lateness of the season at which it was held. This year, the exhibition will be open shortly after the meeting of Congress, and will continue so during the winter months, when Washington is gayer and more frequented than at any other season of the year. Artists are earnestly invited to contribute their works, and thereby encourage an Association, which is laboring effectively for the common interests of the profession, and for the cause of Art in this country. See advertisement on the cover.

Mr. T. P. ROSSIER's studio is now located at No. 17 West 88th street, near the Fifth avenue. Mr. Rossier has fine accommodations for pupils who desire to study painting under the eye of a professional artist. We take pleasure in mentioning the fact, in order to make known a desirable opportunity to some of our correspondents, who have made inquiries of us relative to such accommodation.

We have to chronicle a new work from the slow-producing pencil of Mr. Wm. S. Mount, a composition entitled "The Mischievous Drop," in which he has felicitously portrayed two rustic children, with accessories. It is for a gentleman of Brooklyn.

COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 1857.

A COUNTRY solitude in autumn, my dear CRAYON, contains the fullness of my ideal of sublimity content, albeit my whims would seem utter fatuity to those who pop off ortolans as colons, and rush astonished fishes through the air as periods to their meditations. Neither Theocritus nor Virgil translate my dreams in these autumn days though I am sure the second book of Georgics was written in October: Milton comes nearer to them; but then he would look on me as Oxford did on him—we differ. You know the story of the English serving-man translated to the soil of freedom?—"I and my employer agree pretty well, only we differ in politics." But don't be alarmed; I have not the faintest thought of afflicting you with my fantasies. I don't know how to put them into words.

*O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
Agricolas!*

But they don't know any more now, than when the inspired Mantuan betrayed them to the whole world. Yet, happier than than now, in one point at least, they could call aloud with him—

Huc, pater o Lemae, veni!

Happy, thrice happy, who lived before the rise and progress of "public

opinion." Public opinion frowns upon the rosy god, as if he owned any affinities with old "Red Eye," and other kindred abominations: public opinion would hunt down the jovial Fauns and Satyrs, regardless of the entreaties of the philosopher whom they honored; he who sang how the beginnings of all earthly powers slumbered in old chaos and were distributed, each to its still existent duties; public opinion would slay the gentle panthers and lions in the car of the Deliverer, and with the horns and hides, straightway construct a marvellous chair, to be presented in clever "swap" for a fat office. But this is a shocking and unauthorized interpolation, for I have seated myself here in 1857 merely to render into somewhat legible characters the scrawls of 1854.

The present season is unhappily emulative of one on record, when grasshoppers sate on the fences with tears in their eyes. Still the foliage of the trees is unimpaired, and in default of myriad grasshoppers, flies and wasps abound. About the two last Gay has rhymed, though without investing them with poetic interest. Uncle Toby, indeed, threw some halo of sentiment around one fly, by his compassion after his campaigns were ended. But his knowing chronicler is cautious not to present said fly as cutting the waves of his old port, or of his punch; as for tea—well, all experienced in the natural history of elderly military bachelors, can decide how much that species of the *genus homo* care for tea. I am not amiably disposed towards flies and wasps: the pertinacious attentions of the first make me cross; of the last I am a little afraid; finding one in my slipper, and another in my sleeve, just as I had induced them, made me feel keenly that the world was not wide enough for them and me. Despite these occasional alarms, how entirely I enjoy long draughts of the fragrant South wind, with its intoxication of *dolce far niente*; the leaves of the great chestnut oaks, which screen my window, acknowledge its caresses in their music, and I, looking dreamily from this abrupt eminence, feel myself as much monarch of all I survey as are those whose names grace the big books of the Record office, the legitimate lords of the soil; more fortunate than they this year, in that I have not the trouble of gathering the stunted corn which will not pay for its planting. They cannot gather the beauty of hill and dell, the light and shade in which they are draped by the shifting clouds—these must belong to those who love nature best; and the crowning charm of the landscape, the stream, is surely the property of the sovereign people, and thus as much mine as Smith's and Brown's; that is if women are of the sovereign people: I must get the opinion of the Supreme Court on that point. This Anacostia river, or Eastern branch (of the Potomac), as it is familiarly called, has sadly pined away, they say, since the visit of our elder brothers, and their burning of the capital. Of very small draught are the keels that now creep through it; yet it makes a charming cabinet picture. On the west side sudden declivities terminate in a broad field of sedges; opposite, soft hillocks slope towards the blue waters, as if to bear the loving murmur of the river-god to the hamadrades of the groves above.

About a mile and a half west, across a long and gradual ascent of grass-grown hills, rises the capitol, the broken outlines of its incomplete extension hidden by the distance, and the grand whole, domineering over the city, throws all else into comparative insignificance. Thence, north and west, spread our magnificent distances, with the Patent office and Treasury as land-marks amid the mass of bricks. Lonely stands the Observatory on Camp Hill, near the Potomac; east of it, between the canal and river, towers the Washington monument—a giant phantom, and yet nearer to the Capitol, the Smithsonian, amid its spacious park, rears its many turreted head, like a modern Cybele. But on the city view I seldom dwell, except at night, when the glimmer of the street gas, and the twinkling candles from distant windows pervade the shadowy scene with a romance unknown to the daylight of city existence.

On my right hand is a cornfield, bordered with sassafras and alders; there I watch the crows in their busy gleanings, and listen to their sententious debates in solemn conclave on the boughs. One solitary indivi-

dual is in the habit of winging his flight to a little oak grove, on a hill-lock near, where he utters a series of desperate shrieks, that may mean either lament or defiance; Apollonius of Lyana might decide, not I. I can fancy him a Druid, chanting his Gallic war-song; but no warriors respond to his summons, though he shouts for half an hour; until, indignant, he spreads his wings, and soars away, rising scornfully above the scattered grain, which his fellows are seeking, and is lost to sight. This odd conduct, beginning about ten o'clock in the morning, I have watched nearly a week with vain wonder: I shall never know what it means; but it amuses me, for I have a liking for crows; their voices, not generally considered agreeable, are pleasant to my ear, especially in the dense and solemn woods; their notes seem the natural music for such cathedrals—a sort of Gregorian chant.

Yesterday afternoon we walked to the bridge of the Anacostia, intending to cross it for the purpose of surveying the landscape from the eastern side during sunset: the fancy of an artist friend. The highway on one side is bordered for some distance with a luxuriant thicket of evergreen thorn, superior to the hawthorn in its wintry verdure, and in the greater profusion of its scarlet berries, whose rich clusters tempted our fingers, not with impunity, while others, yet rarer, glowed far above our heads. A break in this splendid barrier, and there stood a cottage, not exactly like one of Morland's, but with sufficient capabilities of rural beauty; and on the lawn was a little green-covered carriage, within it a little baby, and without, as coachman, a little mulatto boy, who might have been one of the transformations of Cinderella's godmother. But the baby was giving utterance to sounds that did not seem to have had birth in fairy-land, neither do Rossini's imaginings contain anything of the sort, so we went on, meeting again the long waving arms of the untrimmed hedge, holding forth their dazzling spoils; soon they bent away from us around an angle of the garden, and were far above our reach, for here a new road had been cut, leaving the garden perched on a high natural wall of the reddish-brown stone—indicative of the iron in the soil: at its foot there welled forth mysteriously a spring of pleasant waters, which some Christians had taken pains to collect through a simple wooden trough into a fountain, for the comfort of the wayfarer.

We continued where the tall sedges spread on the right and left; swamp-oats, chiefly, our farming companion said: they were nodding beneath the weight of the tiny, feathered epicureans, who found there their food, and too often their fate. The artist said the scene reminded him of the fens of Lincolnshire. Now we were amused by rising heads and shoulders gliding ghost-like through the verdure, which entirely hid their means of locomotion in the flat skiffs impelled slowly by poles through the green mass, below which no inexperienced eye would have suspected the water. The only sound was the murmurous "pop, pop" of the guns; but for that we might have imagined ourselves gazing on a master-piece of painting, so gentle was the flow of the glassy river, so low-toned its musical ripple. Where the waters crept to the road-side we began to collect water-flowers of white, purple, and rich crimson, so beautiful that not to know their names was a positive vexation; such Ophelia must have been gathering when the "envious sliver broke," and thinking of her and her loving self-annihilation, I held more tenderly the flowers I had taken from the invigorating caresses of the ripples. Ophelias are not so rare in the present world, but no Shakespeare sing of them, and even those who read him with emotion fail to reflect, that of all bards he of Avon is the one whose characters were ever true to Nature's great originals. However, we did not talk of Ophelia, or any written poetry, but of painting, as one and another point recalled the great masters who have transferred to canvas the lovely face of earth in her many changing moods. There was material for all around this little, unsung stream and its suggestions; each could have found there his favorite *Idyl*—in the gentle meanderings of the river, its sedgy margin, its gracefully-descending banks of alternate grass and grove, overflowed with the molten gold of that autumn sun, in the

deep green foliage, and scarlet berries dancing on the long boughs of the hedge, reared high on the brown rock; there, too, was the country inn, at the east end of the bridge, with low-browed porch, and coarse, gaudy plants around; the horses, just urged into the water to cleanse the carts at their heels from the dust of the day's travel, and refresh their own overworked limbs, the grinning black boys wading around them, while "massa," with pipe in mouth, lounges by; at his feet are moored some half dozen skiffs, affording the adventurous traveller means to ascend to the historic sands of Bladensburg, explore the warlike resources of the Navy Yard, or indulge the manly ardor of the sportsmen in pursuit of the winged innocents of the marsh. On the centre of the bridge stands the artist, with long fair locks and moustache, and smiling blue eyes; at his side, in careless attitude, with sun-burned complexion, bright glance, and the least touch of dare-devil fun lurking in the pleasant orbs, is the figure of our half-sailor, half-farmer companion, throwing bits of stick into the water; while the large black-and-white Newfoundland swims steadily off into the centre of the stream, and, returning, deposits his prize, with victorious gambols, at his master's feet. The female figure has not the *riante* face of the shepherdess of Watteau, not the soft simplicity of a Greuze, yet, with the light straw bonnet and its lilac ribbons pendent from her arm, and her hands laden with wild flowers, leaves, and feathery grasses, she is very well as an accessory to this group.

Parsee-like, we face the setting sun, watching the gorgeous vapors, the true golden fleece of poetry, rolling up from the western horizon; watching the sun as he descends, flushed with the cooquet of another day, behind the hills of Virginia: he is gone, but leaves to our insatiate eyes the clouds still glowing from his radiance.

So we lingered, growing silent as the hush of twilight gathered round us, and the night-insects and the silvery tree-frog began their melancholy notes. Then the stars entered slowly on the scene, and a new fancy on the artistic brain—to take a skiff, with its dusky oarsman, and get up an imagination of Venice, gliding slowly down the stream to the Potomac, singing barcaroles and tiranas with the guitar, for the benefit of the moon and the present company, and in default of the classical dolphin, or Glendower's familiars, perhaps, draw catfish from the vasty deep. The air was so balmy, the water so mirror-like, the whole so suggestive of adventure, truly it was tempting, but the artist was poetic and persistent, yet to our regret, that but a perfect Gibraltar of a barrier.

The mornings and evenings are growing cool, and it is pleasant to ramble when the sun is high: the sassafras leaves wear now their exquisite tints of crimson and yellow, rivalling the maple of more northern latitudes. All day we hear the acorns dropping; sometimes at night we are awakened by their falling on the roof. But no rude wind yet ruffles the Anacostia, and I watch the perfect reflection of the trees in its bosom, wishing I were an artist, to bear away a less fading transcript of the scene, than that which, though now so vivid, must lose its freshness in the encounter with coarser things. We own nothing but our memories; well may we cling to the pleasant ones, and strive to sweeten the bitter by the profit of their teachings. The waters are lost in the sea, and the dreams to which they bore sweet burden, in the misty realm of chaos.

R.

WOODSTOCK, N. H., September, 1857.

One can always find glimpses of the picturesque in travel, even from the window of a rail carriage. The passage to the White Mountains, from Boston via Portland, is not, in my judgment, as interesting as by the Montreal road. If you take the Eastern road, there is little of natural beauty till you reach Bethel, Maine, on the Atlantic and St. Lawrence road; the distance to Portland being exceedingly commonplace, through villages and plains bounded with low horizons. But from Bethel, through Gilead and Shelburne, there is much of beauty and something of grandeur. The Androscoggin, at Bethel and Gilead, is a fine river, and, in its windings, shows many passages of great pic-

turesqueness, especially at Bethel, where the combination of river, meadow and mountains, furnishes material worthy the study of artist and amateur.

But much as one is tempted to mountain views, they are not calculated for impressive pictures; their actual dimensions in Nature have much to do with their power upon the mind, and, though it is possible to hint at their sublimity, other subjects are generally more within the scope of art. Leafy dells, groups of trees, flowery banks, brooks, sketches of wooded meadow, pasture slopes, wood interiors, river scenes, etc.; these are far more pleasing subjects for the pencils of most artists. In fact, a well painted foreground is worth more than acres of mountain. Yet, how little do the travelling public realize this; generally they hurry to the mountain gorges as if nothing between home and mountain passes was worth viewing.

The black flies and mosquitoes are very fond of showing you attention in this vicinity, and never allow a day to pass without lasting evidence of their assiduity. In June and July they are said to be especially troublesome. We know, from experience, that they infest the Notch, and are almost like a smoke before the eyes at Echo Lake. Something may be done, however, toward self-defence, by the free application of pennyroyal and kindred preventives; sweet and other oils, rubbed on the flesh, will do a little, but that kind of "painting in oil" I do not fancy. Should you find, after facing these enemies all day, some of a different form, without wings, at night, you will be afforded an opportunity to view the scenery from your chamber window, under the effect of moonlight; and may-be solemn thoughts will steal upon you in the stillness. You will note the various tones of the cricket, which cannot withhold its voice of praise day or night. The ceaseless hurrying of the river to join the ocean may forcibly remind you that our current of life will at last meet the ocean of eternity. The glancing of the moonbeams upon its surface, and the sound of ripples, may suggest that there are spirits, whose "tinkling foot-falls" you hear. That clear shining of the moon above the clouds may rebuke you for any little disposition to fretfulness or inward cursing, if thus inclined. Mayhap your slumbers have been disturbed to afford you a little quiet converse with conscience, and make you a more earnest and devout student, whose business, henceforth, shall be to paint, not for amusement of self or others, but for instruction, and the honor of Him, in whose great gallery of painting and sculpture we daily make memorandum studies. Setting aside, however, tribulations, physical and mental, we have our usual compensation here, far away from those

"Beguiled by habit to what their own hearts abhor,
In cities caged."

We have heard the thunder of the battle of the money-changers afar off, and are better satisfied, with each year's experience, that it is a great privilege to follow the standard of Art.

S. L. G.

NEW HAVEN, Oct. 10, 1857.

THERE are not many works of Art in this city. Indeed, I think many places of half its population and wealth could boast of more. A few portraits, some by Stuart and his contemporaries, are the only tokens of Art culture, excepting always the Trumbull Gallery, a gift to the College by the distinguished artist and historical character, Col. Trumbull. These are banded, it would not comport with my feelings to say housed, in a building of mean proportions, of highly combustible material, insufficiently ventilated, so that if, as one might suspect, the New Haven people desire to get rid of them, the dry-rot, if not fire, will soon relieve them of the charge. The place has an air of neglect. The air is musty. The pictures are blue with condensed gasses. I wish some indignant lover of Art would press these considerations upon the College authorities. I think the difficulty arises only in ignorance.

Among the pictures donated by the artist are the small finished studies of his Washington pictures. They are superior in many points to his larger works, and I think one may come away from this gallery with a much higher estimate of Trumbull's genius than he

would get by looking at his larger works in the Capitol. The small study of the Declaration of Independence is admirable in color and character. In looking at this venerable picture, I was led to reflect upon the injustice of the sarcasm, and the consequent opprobrium that has been heaped upon it by John Randolph,* who is only known in these days by his personal eccentricities and the acidity of his sarcasms. Another generation will consign the great small man to merited forgetfulness, while the noble artist whom he so ignominiously assailed, will have attained his full appreciation. I feel that the Declaration of Independence is a truly admirable composition; while as a historical record it is not surpassed by any picture in existence. Every figure is a portrait; every costume is authentic; every accessory is from nature; and the occasion which it represents, perhaps, the most dignified and imposing in all history. That it should continue to be lampooned to our day by those who only appreciate the insulting wit of a political hack is to be regretted, but not to be passed without rebuke. The shameless charlatanism of a politician who could so ruthlessly insult an artist for the mean reward of a moment's applause, deserves the contempt of all honorable men. Hitherto the Virginia representative had stood as the warm personal friend of the artist, and the sarcasm was uttered within a few feet of the object of his ridicule, with his eyes full upon him. Mr. Trumbull never ceased to feel most piquantly the insult. Other members of Congress assured him of their sympathy, and condemned the outrage of their colleague.

If those who still echo the paltry words will carefully study the picture, they will find abundant room for admiring the skill of the artist, not for representing so many legs, but for the admirable judgment with which he has, under the circumstances, disposed of so many as he has. Compare this picture with the efforts that have been made by eminent artists of our own day to represent large assemblies of men, and I think any one would find reason to think more highly of the great work of Col. Trumbull.

The very interesting pen-drawing made by Major Andre a few hours before his death, still hangs here, and still hangs in a mean frame, insecurely attached to the wall, so that any enterprising thief may get it without trouble. Those so inclined will, I hope, thank me for the information. I mean, in some future letter, to give you a more detailed account of Art matters in this city. Meanwhile, think of the wrongs of Col. Trumbull.

Studies among the Weaves.

In our *Studies* for April we quoted an opinion of Mrs. Jameson's regarding Michael Angelo's easel-picture of the Holy Family. That extract is followed in the original by a reference to some Madonnas of Correggio and Raphael, and she then continues—"And from these must I turn back on pain of being thought an ignoramus, to admire the coarse perpetration of Michael Angelo—because it is Michael Angelo's? *But I speak in ignorance.*" We copied these from an early edition, and in the perusal of *The Diary of an Ennuyée*, in a late elegant issue,† which is reprinted from a late English edition, we find the authoress has since added this note to the words we have italicized above;—"This was indeed ignorance (1884)!" It had been first published eight years before, and Mrs. Jameson says in her *Sketches and Visits* in reference to it, that in the revision, she could not alter anything that might cause it to lose its character for "*truth*, as a picture of mind." Accordingly our remarks at that time seem not to have lost their bearing; and in further elucidation of them, there are one or two

* Randolph called this picture a "Rhino-piece."

† In the blue and gold shape. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857.